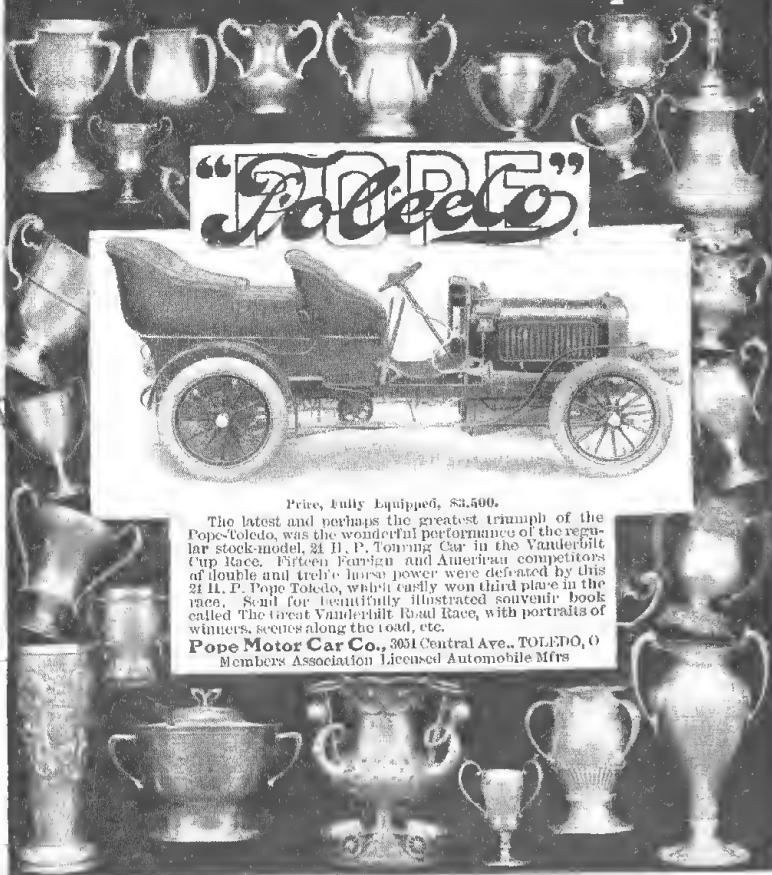


LIFE

NEW YEAR
1905



Hero of a Hundred Trophies



"Tolco"

Price, fully Equipped, \$2,500.

The latest and perhaps the greatest triumph of the Pope-Toledo, was the wonderful performance of the regular stock-model, 24 H. P. Touring Car in the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Fifteen European and American competitors of double and treble horse power were defeated by this race. Sold for beautifully illustrated souvenir book called "The Great Vanderbilt Road Race, with portraits of winners, scenes along the road, etc.

Pope Motor Car Co., 3051 Central Ave., TOLEDO, O
Members Association Licensed Automobile Mfrs

1905 ANNOUNCEMENT

The Autocar

A New Type

We believe that the Autocar in all its types represents the highest excellence in automobile design, workmanship and material. Every Autocar is built on honor. We feel, therefore, that our new type will meet with a cordial reception.

This car, Type M, larger and more powerful than the other types, has a four-cylinder vertical engine of 16-20 horsepower. The body is built on the lowest and most approved French lines. The front seat is divided and both front and rear seats are large and comfortable.

While this car is built upon the tried Autocar principles which have been so splendidly proven, it shows a number of very important improvements making for increased simplicity, ease of operation, safety and comfort.

In fact, though Autocars have always been noted for absence of bewildering intricacy of mechanism, yet no one can but be impressed with the extreme simplicity of this new car. It is a triumph in scientific construction and arrangement.

This car has more than met our highest expectations in the road test. In fact its performance has been a surprise to experienced automobile men. The power of the car carries it, fully equipped and loaded with five passengers up a steep 12 per cent. grade for instance, at 20 to 25 miles per hour on the direct drive, while on the level the car attains a speed of 40 to 45 miles. The car is a superb climber on any hill.

Altogeher our eight years' experience has enabled us to produce in this type, a four cylinder car we are assured cannot be surpassed by any similar car at any price.

The Price of Type XI, is \$2000. Ready for delivery January 15.
Type VIII.—Four-Passenger Car at (\$1400,) and Type X—Runabout
at (\$900)

have made Autumr Reputation. Each stands at the head of its class for value and efficiency.

Autocars, Types VIII., X. and XI., will be on exhibition at the New York Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden.

Catalogue descriptive of the 1904-05 types will be sent free upon request. This catalogue contains also addresses of our dealers throughout the country who will be glad to give demonstrations to prospective automobile purchasers and explain in detail the merits of our cars.

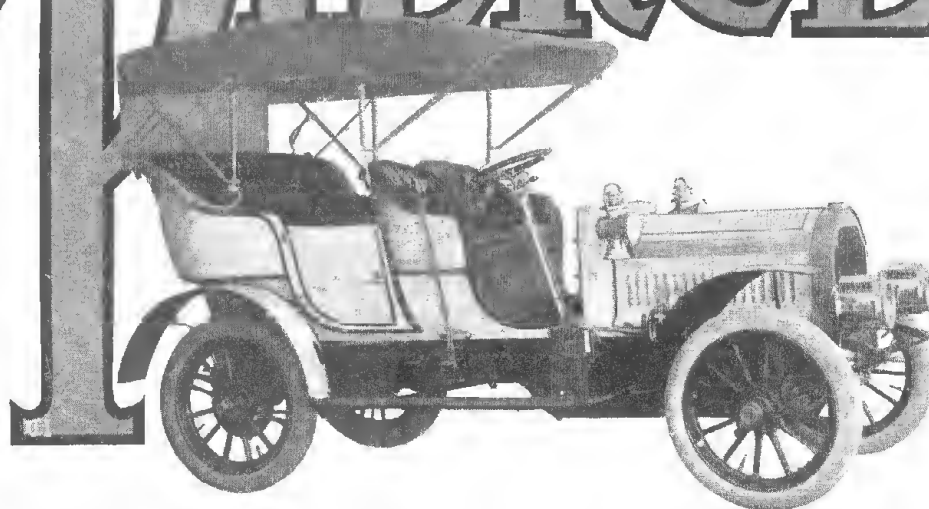
THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association of Licensure
Automobile Manufacturers.

PIERCE

AGENTS

Harrolds Motor Car Co.,
New York; Banker Bros.
Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dow-
ling & Maguire, Boston,
Mass.; H. Paulman & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.; George N.
Pierce Co., Denver, Colo.;
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Francisco; Waterman Bros.,
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Co., St. Louis, Mo.; R. V.
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AGENTS

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Co., Ottawa, Ont.; C. P. Joy
Auto. Co., St. Paul, Minn.;
Standard Motor Car Co.,
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N. Y.; H. J. Willard, Port-
land, Me.; Stirling Auto.
Co., Detroit, Mich.; R. W.
Whipple, Binghamton, N. Y.

PIERCE CARS IN 1905

WE have been gradually getting to the point where we can construct an American car which will stand for American construction in the same way that the French car stands for French construction. We have accepted the best Continental experience and shaped it to American needs. We believe that our 1905 car is pre-eminently the car for American use, adapted to American roads and the American temperament. We do not think our success is comparative. We consider that it is absolute. We believe there is no reason why we should admit that any car made anywhere is superior to the Pierce. We have made for 1905 six cars representing three mechanisms. The first mechanism is the 28-32 H. P. four-cylinder Chassis, mounted as follows:

The Great Arrow, side entrance, King of Belgium type Tonneau,	\$4,000
The Suburban, body by Quibby,	3,000
The Landauet, " " "	5,000
The Opera Coach, " " "	5,000

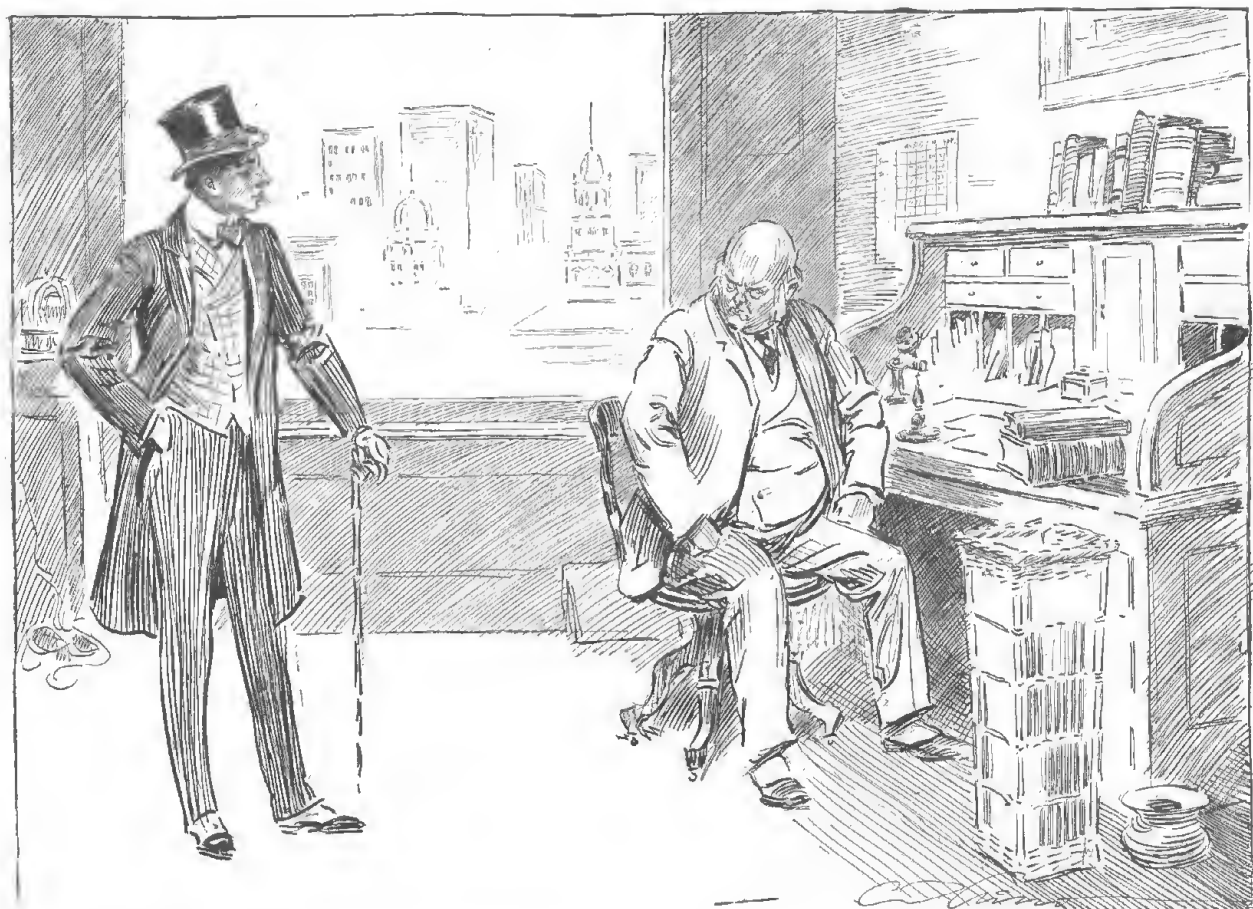
The second mechanism is the 24-78 H. P. four-cylinder Chassis, side entrance, King of Belgium type Toncau,	\$3,500
The third mechanism is our well-known single-cylinder Stanhope, 8 H. P.,	1,200

These six cars express the best that we know in the building of motor cars. They are all gear-driven machines. The unusual success that attended Pierce cars in 1904, convinces us that our solution of the problem of successful motor car building is the right one. That success was recognized by the St. Louis Exposition, which awarded the Pierce line the Grand Prize. Our catalog and technical descriptive matter sent on application.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Members of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Life



Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Co.

Millionaire: HOW DO I KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU HAVE ANY BUSINESS ABILITY?

The Suitor: WHY, I HAVE PERSUADED YOUR DAUGHTER TO MARRY ME!

Different.

PITTSBURG BOY (*visiting in New York*): Why, mama, the snow here is white!

A POLECAT in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Looking Forward.

"THEY say the reason why the inscriptions in the Egyptian tombs have been preserved so long is that no air has reached them."

"Then I suppose that four thousand years from now the 'ads.' in the Subway will be as fresh as ever."

WHEN you see on a hotel register a signature like this:

Philetus Coke, P'tg,

you realize that our Pittsburg friends have not got everlastingly rich without mastering the great business motto, "Time is money."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. JAN. 5, 1905. No. 115.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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squirming fellow-creatures, we cannot conscientiously frame any other wish at present about Lawson than that he may drive to the end of the furrow the plough to which he has put his hand. It is a piece of good luck for society when a man who has been implicated in as many shady enterprises as he has chooses to turn State's evidence, and insists on giving his testimony so that the most reluctant ears shall hear it. We hope he may give it all. The chief force of his stories so far has been that they disclosed explicitly and with detail things that were guessed at and half understood before. His testimony as to particulars would not carry much weight if it did not match expectation, and find support and corroboration in facts which are matter of common knowledge.



THE American standard of morality is not high enough. We are not as law-abiding, nor as law-respecting, nor as law-supporting as we should be. We do vastly too much killing; we steal and cheat too much, and we condone far too easily the offenses of persons who have made civil-doing profitable and have escaped legal punishment. The standard of the great game of life as it is played here needs to be raised, and there are many welcome signs that it is being raised. In the State of Mississippi, on December 20, five "whitecappers" received sentences of fifty years' imprisonment for killing a negro. Another white man got a life sentence for the same offense; another got twenty-five years. That was a sign that murder is being taken seriously in Governor Vardaman's State. Folk has caused bribery of legislatures to be looked upon as a serious offense in Missouri. There is a constant and progressive uphill fight for municipal honesty in Chicago. Such fights in Minneapolis and other cities have had such results that the possibility of honest government in Philadelphia begins to be entertained by sanguine minds. New York is a great deal better than it was under Van Wyck, and the ear-

nestness of the recent repugnance to let the gas companies overcharge the taxpayers argues a spirit from which further improvement may be hoped.

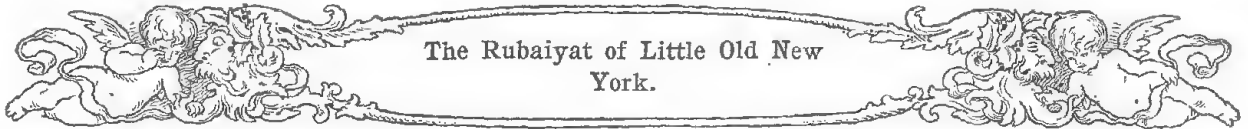


BEHIND all legislative and municipal dishonesty there is the dishonesty of business men. That is now universally understood and appreciated. There can be no effectual check either to municipal dishonesty or the business dishonesty that induces it except by men who are willing to raise a tremendous row, and who have the vigor and the means to keep it up. Folk and Jerome are such men. They have personally supplied the necessary vigor, and the offices they have filled have given them the power. Our neighbor, William Hearst, likes a row, and has means which in some particular instances he has used to good purpose. He helped efficiently the other day to check the gas companies, and he did a good stroke once before in having the law on the coal companies. Lawson has unquestionable vigor, and knowledge and grit. He is a queer instrument to use in promoting righteousness, but it may be that he will be useful. High finance is a complicated exercise, and includes many dealings, as to which it takes an expert to say whether they were right or wrong. The danger of Lawson's divulgences is that they are addressed to a vast number of people who are not experts in high finance, and are more than ready to believe that anything that is profitable is wicked. It is dangerous in a republic to have too many of the voters imbued with that idea, for they are apt, when hard times come, to go off and vote for a Bryan. But on the other hand, it is dangerous in a republic to have any considerable number of able men sincerely convinced that nothing is wicked that is profitable. If Lawson can help dislodge this last-named danger, we can probably afford to let him, and to take our chances of dealing successfully in due time with the other.



liverances in *Everybody's Magazine*. They can hardly complain that Lawson is being taken too seriously, but they seem not to want him to be taken at all. Yet at this writing they have not ventured to bring him into court. They have not sued him as yet for libel. They have fulminated, but it has only been heat-lightning, which flares but has no bite. The inference is that Lawson's victims have reasons of their own for not wanting to go into court, and that, though Lawson may have said some things that are not true, his misstatements could not be brought home to him in a lawsuit without embarrassing admission of the substantial accuracy of too many of his revelations. He has got the public ear, and so far shows evidence of implacable determination to keep it and fill it up.

While it is painful to any sensitive spirit to see gross misdeeds imputed to



The Rubaiyat of Little Old New York.

WAKE, for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars who loitered homeward through the Night,
Drives Night along with them, and boldly strikes
The Flatiron Building with a Shaft of Light.

Now the New Year reviving old Resolves,
The thoughtful Soul much Good Intent evolves;
Then the Glad Hand of some Convivial Friend,
Puts out, and once again the World Revolves.

Think, in this batter'd, beautiful Broadway,
Whose Portals bid you Welcome, Night and Day,

How many a Politician with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

Yesterday this day's Hero often names;
Dewey or Dowie, Henry,—(Prince or James.)
Greet, for you know not whence they came nor why;
Cheer, for you know not why they go nor where.

Each Morn a thousand Pleasures brings, you say;
Yes, but where goes the Fun of Yesterday?
And the first Summer month that brings us Duss,
Shall take Damrosch and Parsifal away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Mrs. Carter or with Mr. Drew?
Let the Tragedians bluster as they will,
Or Soubrettes call to Supper—heed not you.

Indeed, the Horse Show's gone, with all its clothes,
And Barnum's three-ring'd circus, no one knows;

But still Diana poses as a Vane,
And many a Spectacle the Garden shows.

I sometimes think that never blows so sweet
The Rose, as on the Stands along the street;
And every Hyacinth and Daffodil
The Florist's windows show, we love to Greet.

A Book of Verses or of Prose, maybe,
Some Pictures now and then, to go and see;
De Reszke singing in the Opera—
New York were Paradise enow for me.

Perhaps a Musicale at half-past Three;
Thin Bread and Butter, and a cup of Tea;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Indeed, indeed, the Broadway cars of yore
Were often blocked at Grand Street, or before;

And then, and then came Spring, and like as not
We'd be held up for twenty minutes more!

Why, if a Man can fling his Haste aside,
And daily in the air of Heaven ride,
Were 't not a Shame—were 't not a Shame for him
In the close Subway stifling to abide?

Whose secret Presence, through the City's veins,
Running Quicksilver-like its metal trains;
Bringing all shapes from Harlem and The Bronx;
They change at City Hall—but It remains.

For I remember stopping once in June
To watch a Potter blessing a saloon;
And with his golden Celebrated Tongue,
He Murmured: "Lord, we thank Thee for this boon!"

Oh, Ye, who did with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road men have to travel in,
Ye will not with advertisements around,
Enmesh, and then impute their wrath to Sin!

When you and I have passed away for aye,
Oh, but the long, long while New York shall stay,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As Automobiles heed the men they slay.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary smell
Of Gasoline. A whirr, a toot, a yell—
And Lo! The Automobile has gone by.
The Nothing it ran over? Wot 't ell!

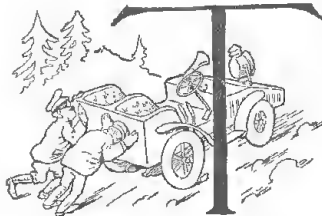
Ah, Love, could You and I make it our Biz
To grasp this sorry Town of Whirr and Whiz;

Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-Mould it just exactly as it is?

Carolyn Wells.



Modern.



THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles met yesterday, and the following resolutions were passed:

Any pedestrian caught crossing a street, if run over by an auto, will be careful not to entangle himself in the machinery, so as not to make it any more expensive

for the owner than possible.

Every judge before fining a wealthy automobilist should first look up his social standing.

Any person in a carriage who fails to jump out of the way for an automobile coming up behind, when the horn is tooted, should be taken from the hospital as soon as he is able to be moved, and thrown into jail.

Any one who writes a letter to a paper protesting against reckless driving of automobiles will be severely reprimanded, and, if the offense is re-

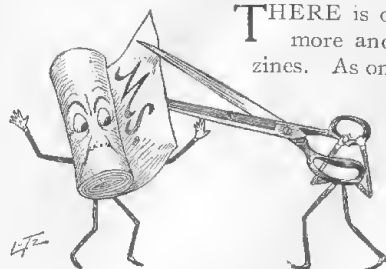
peated, will be required to take part in the next international race.

A Card.

TO-MORROW morning from nine until ten, I shall be glad to meet any friend who cares to call on me at my office and divide with him my cash. I want every one to come. Line forms on right. I will begin in lots of \$20,000. Come early and avoid the rush.

R-s-l- S-gz.

Wanted: A Back Yard.



THERE is one thing that comes over me more and more in reading our magazines. As one finds one's self turning their wide orderly leaves over and over, all so literary-looking and trim and sleek, and opening out of one another, there is something that gives one a lonely, uneasy feeling in them at times. As near as I can express it, the thing

I feel the need of most, at least in the majority of our magazines, is a Back Yard; some nice, decent, understood place around behind somewhere, where one can go if one wants to, and think real things out loud. The sense that everybody is looking in a modern magazine, and that everybody is feeling that everybody is looking, gets to be oppressive. The editor feels that way and is expected to, and is paid a salary for it, but why should I?

It is getting serious. We almost live—some of us—in magazines. And they are all being patterned after our houses. I haven't seen a Back Yard for years. They have gone out. And it does seem as if we might have a few—on paper, as if at least one magazine in this country might start a Back Yard, some place where one can go and take things out in one's mind—where one can have a



NO WONDER THEY'RE WILD.

literary clothes-line. (Things ought to be fluttered more.)

The nearest approach to a Back Yard that seems to be left is The Contributor's Club, in *The Atlantic*. But that has never seemed to me, as much as I like it, what one could call a really serious back yard. It is more a sort of front yard moved around behind. Of course, there is the Kicker's Column in *LIFE*, which always manages to have a certain informality. But nothing but kicking is allowed in that column, and the soul of a back

yard is, that you go out in it, to kick or not to kick, as you like. (And, after all, kicking is but one way, and a rather rudimentary way at that, of being at ease in Zion.)

Miss Gilder's Lounger in *The Critic* has the self-assertiveness back yards were made for, but The Lounger is out on the street, is always going up and down elevators, and running in and out of offices. And The Rambler, in *The Lamp*, never really rambles. He merely looks as if he were rambling, and while Chronicle and Comment, in the *Bookman*, makes a start for a paragraph or so, sometimes, it is disappointing

as a back yard, has a useful playfulness, a kind of happy air of advertising. When one is really settled down reading it, one cannot help seeing, as in a kind of soft mirage between the lines, the long row of pleased publishers rubbing their hands, reading it too. And so it goes. Show-windows and parlors and counters, and desks and bureaus—bureaus of information, and nurseries, and corners for story-telling, and acres—great landscapes of illustrations, but never a Back Yard. No likely



A REAL KEEPSAKE.

"HAND OVER THAT SCARF-PIN."

"PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT, MY WIFE GAVE IT TO ME FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

"OH, YOU CAN KEEP IT."

roomy spot in all this great city of printed things, where a man who belongs to the plain people in his mind, and who has the habits of plain people, who likes to have spells of homely, pleasant puttering around with a mind, can go out and do it.

There is The Easy Chair in *Harpers*, but there is only one man who can sit in it at a time. And there would be a great to-do if anyone else tried—even on the arm of it. And at best it's merely an Easy Chair. And what our souls need as things are going now, is not an Easy Chair, not even for Mr. Howells, but a Whole Back Yard on The World—one that one can do a little jumping and running around in, and, well—a little literary vaulting—if one wants to. I believe that it would pay, that people would like it, that people are tired of pale, constrained authors in this country, and of all these big bashful magazines. What the American people [between you and me, LIFE.] are wanting to-

day is to have their authors more comfortable. It would be catching for the subscribers. At all events, I hazard a guess that our American minds are more limber than would seem to be guessed by our typical American magazines—every one with its great, half-scared, serious-minded Million Dollars behind it, looking on. I do hope that if these words of mine should happen to fall under the eye of any editor in this country who ever had a back yard, or who knows how a back yard feels, he will gently consider making suitable provision for his authors. Factory hands have been gradually allowed windows. The next thing is going to be ventilators in magazines. The next thing after that will be a magazine with a back yard—some department that will have some sort of understood semi-privacy in it for a mind, where one can sift one's ashes and say things, a place where one can have one's intellectual cucumber frame, and can plant one's younger.

more tentative ideas—the ones that feel as if they might shoot and might not, and which nobody is having nowadays because the world is all front yard. (After the first back yard has been started there will be a Genius.)
Gerald Stanley Lee.

"WHAT'S the news about the war?"

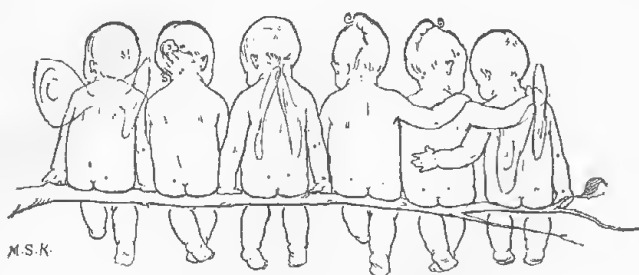
"Haven't you been there?"

"Oh, ycs. I was a war correspondent."



"WELL! CAN YOU SUPPORT HER?"

"OH! I HAVE A FEW BONES LAID AWAY."



A TALE FOR MOTHERS.

BASED ON FACT.

"HOW'S your baby?"

Dimpleton leaned back in his office chair and puffed nervously on his cigar. His friend Castleton, who had just dropped in for a moment's chat, looked at him interrogatively. Dimpleton wished Castleton hadn't asked. He had been trying to get the baby out of his mind all the morning.

"He's getting on slowly," he replied. "I had to send my wife away yesterday for a few days' rest. She has been so anxious about the kid that the doctors said she would break down if she didn't go. But she left things in pretty good shape—so she wouldn't have to worry. There are two trained nurses in charge, and the doctor drops in twice a day to see that everything is all right."

Castleton's face expressed as much sympathy over his friend's trouble as the face of a confirmed bachelor could be expected to reveal over a subject that he knew so little about.

"Too bad," he said. "I had no idea the baby was so sick. Have you located the trouble?"

Dimpleton puffed furiously.

"Why, hang it all!" he replied, "there doesn't seem to be any real trouble. Doctors all say there's nothing organic. They tell me he has been cutting a tooth, and it has disturbed his sleep and nutrition. They also say his mother wears on him. At any rate, the little chap, in spite of all we can do, is gradually wasting away. I wouldn't say so to his mother, of course, but, between you and me, I don't think there's much hope for him."

Castleton looked more sympathetic than ever. Secretly he wished he had not referred to such a painful subject. Out of feeling for Dimpleton, however—who he saw was really upset—he felt that he ought to display some further interest in it. He silently groped around in his mind for some phrase that would enable him to dismiss the matter gracefully. He must brace his friend up, if possible—encourage him. The mere fact that he himself knew nothing about babies really gave him all the more freedom. Being a bachelor, he could say what he pleased.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "He's all right. A well person would waste away with two trained nurses hanging around, and a doctor coming in twice a day. Think of it! I'll bet," he added recklessly, "that that kid of yours hasn't had a good square meal for weeks."

This remark had upon Dimpleton exactly the opposite effect from what was intended. Castleton fully expected

him to dissent politely and dismiss the subject abruptly. Instead of this, Dimpleton gazed at him earnestly.

"Old man," he said, "why do you think this? Give me your reasons."

Castleton, thus cornered, again began to grope around in his mind for an adequate answer. All he could do was to fall back on his common sense.

"Well," he replied, "I don't pretend to know much about those things—they're not in my line. But this is the way I figure it out: You've got a sick baby on your hands. Doctors examine him and can't tell you what's the matter—except cutting a tooth. Now let me ask you, is cutting a tooth a natural or an unnatural process?"

"Natural, of course."

"Very well. You are a business man. Is it natural for doctors to want to make as large a living as possible?"

"Certainly."

"Now, one more question. When you are hungry, do you pick up some magazine, look over the advertisements and select some new-fangled food that's just been put on the market, or do you call in a physician and ask him to prescribe some formula for you to eat? No! You go out and order a good honest steak and potatoes. Now, that's what's ailing your kid. He needs food. And say, do you think it seems quite natural that any mother should wear on her own baby? Rot!"

Dimpleton sprang to his feet.

"You're right!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Do you know, I have half suspected this for some time, and what you say confirms my opinion. What would you advise?"

"Good Heavens, old man, don't ask me, but if I were in your place I'd get hold of some old nurse; one, if possible, who hasn't read the papers for, say, the last twenty-five years."

"I'll do it!"

It was one week later. Dimpleton sat as before at his office desk, puffing nervously as ever at his cigar. His face was anxious and disturbed. Castleton had just come in.

"Well, old man, how's that baby of yours?"

Dimpleton sighed, as he tossed aside a letter he had just been reading.

"Before I answer that question," he replied, "let me tell you what I did. I made up my mind, after what you said to me in confirmation of my own opinion, that I would take the case into my own hands just like any other business proposition. So I sent up in the country for the old nurse who had taken care of me when I was a kid. Then I fired the whole peptonized, sterilized, pasteurized, galvanized and germless outfit that had been stacking up against me—doctor, trained nurses and all. What do you suppose Betty—my old nurse—did when she came?"

"I hope nothing wrong."

"Well, she gave that kid a dose of cow's milk—plain, ordinary, every-day cow's milk with the nourishment left in. At first he balked at it."

"Wasn't used to real food, I suppose."

"Exactly. But he got used to it very soon. Then she crooned him to sleep in her arms. This was dead against



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ANGEL CAKE.

the rules, of course. No baby nowadays is supposed to leave his crib if he can be kept there by main force. And she did other things—gave him some fresh air for a change."

"Well, didn't he get better?"

"I should say he did! She said he'd been starved, and I guess she was right. He began to gain right off, and in three days' time he was a different youngster."

Castleton looked puzzled.

"If that's really the case," he said, "what's the matter? What's troubling you? Why so solemn? Perhaps you've just got the doctor's bill. What is it, old man?"

Dimpleton, pacing the office floor, faced his friend.

"It's this," he replied. "I was so delighted with the change, that I wrote my wife and told her the whole thing, and she's just written me that I'm all wrong—that his improvement is due to other causes. She's horrified at what I've done and she's coming back at once to reinstate the old crowd."

He looked anxiously at his friend.

"Tell me," he said, "what chance is there against such a combination? I want to save that baby. You advised me before. What shall I do now?"

Castleton wrung him silently by the hand.

"Don't worry, old man," he said. "Just wait until your wife gets back and is confronted by the facts in the case."

Addison Fox, Jr.

The Latest Books.

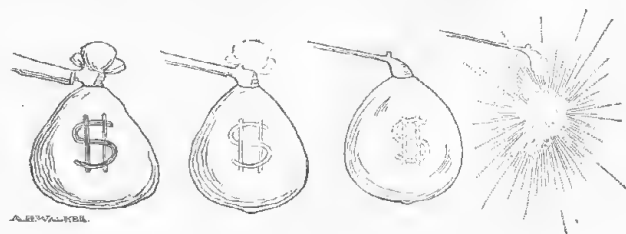
THE NEW YORK DIRECTORY: Simple in style. Striking characters. Keeps up the interest to the end.

Webster's Dictionary: A work of real genius. Plot constantly changing. All the elements of tragedy, comedy and melodrama are here interwoven by the most finished genius. Nothing better than this superb work has ever been seen.

Bell's Telephone Book: Covers a wide range of subjects. An epoch-making work. The characters seem to live in it. Charged with interest.

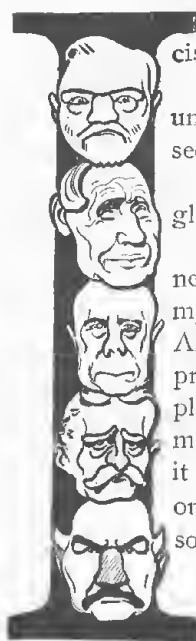
Encyclopædia Britannica: Full of quaint conceits and dramatic action. Covers a wide range. Thrilling in spots. Plot on every page.

Smith's Medical Directory: Sold only by prescription. Absorbing. Vital with human interest. Reads like a fairy story.



AN EVOLUTION IN WALL STREET.

MRS. CHADWICK'S OWN STORY.



I WAS born in Pittsburg, London, San Francisco, and York, Pa.

I went to school at an early age, but it was not until I met Andrew Carnegie that I began to see visions.

Andy and I used to play together in Allegheny. One day he said to me:

"Cassie, you are the real thing. All you need is a backer. Here, take this love letter and my photograph and go out into the cold world. Aim high. Don't deal with clerks, but with principals. When you need money, show this photograph. When you need nerve, think of me. Marry as often as you can, but don't let it interfere with business. Keep cool, and call on Rogers, John D., Pierpont or Tommy Lawson, and you'll be all right."

"What are you going to do, Andy?" I asked. "Don't fret about me," he replied. "I'll make my future and be on Easy Street when you need me. All I have to do is to raise the tariff on steel rails."

Thus the cornerstone of my fortune was laid. I had heard that the secret of success was to borrow money, so I called on Russell Sage to find out how it was done.

Uncle Russell greeted me cordially.

"Cassie," he said, "how much do you want?"

"Five millions."

"What security can you give?"

"What do you wish?"

Uncle Russell's great, generous, sympathetic eyes looked at me. I felt my soul expand.

"Oh, anything," he replied, carelessly. "The United States Mint, the Bank of England, a first mortgage on the solar system—I'm not particular."

Somehow I felt that he strangely misunderstood me, so I withdrew and called at the office of the Standard Oil Company. I found John and William Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers sit-

ting in the upstairs office looking over the day's receipts. Morning prayers had just been concluded.

As I entered John went over and locked the door.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I'm a poor lone woman. I need money."

They looked at each other significantly.

"You are evidently in the oil business," said Henry, "and you wish to sell out. How much is your plant worth? Fifty—a hundred thousand dollars? We'll give you thirty cents for it. Here, sign these papers before our human impulse leaves us, or we'll cut it down to twenty."

"No, gentlemen," I said, "not that. I merely wish to raise five millions."

"On what security?"

I showed them Andy's photograph.

They all smiled. Then a change came over them. Their faces grew hard and cold.

"We would have let you depart in peace," said William, "if you hadn't showed us that dub's picture. Now shell out all you've got."

Leaving them four dollars and forty cents, which they divided among themselves, I left the building, thankful to get away with my life.



"When you need money, show this photograph."

Next I called on Pierpont Morgan. That gentleman had just dismissed the King of England



"Shaving himself on Boston Common."

and was keeping the Pope in the anteroom cooling his heels.

"Well," he said, "I perceive you are a woman. I love the sex. What can I do for you?"

"I want five millions."

He drew near confidentially.

"Cassie," he said, "that's easy. I've just consolidated all the steel plants in the world. I'm doing it. Everybody will know it soon. All you have to do is to—"

"I know, I know," I shouted triumphantly. "Buy steel."

He caught me sternly by the hand—then winked the other eye.

"Not on your life," he whispered. "Sell it short."

"But I can't do that without something to put up as margin," I complained, "and I've just called on Rockefeller and Rogers."

"Poor woman!" he exclaimed. "Here, take a

hundred, and go on and see Lawson."

The next day I was in Boston. I found Tommy shaving himself on the Boston Common, dictating the story of his shame to *Everybody's*.

"Mr. Lawson," I said, "will you go on the stage with me?"

"When?"

"Oh, when we have advertised ourselves."

"Sure! What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to demonstrate that it's easy to borrow money from any one, if you know how."

"What have you got?"

I showed him Andy's picture—with the endorsement on the back.

"Cassie," he said, "go out and do your stunt. Come back in six months, and we'll take the country by storm."

Thereupon I made my famous trip out West. The rest is History.

Tom Masson.



A DYSPEPTIC'S DREAM.

"BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, TIME, IN YOUR FLIGHT,
MAKE ME A CHILD AGAIN, FOR TO-NIGHT."

Comic Opera.

SING a song of Syndicate
 With pocket full of cash;
 Four and twenty chorus-birds
 Jumbled into hash.
 When the show was opened,
 The birds began to squawk,
 Was not that a pretty dish
 To set before New York?



A Curious Situation.



WE all know that Mr. A. W. Pinero has written some very clever plays. By the strange exaggeration which rules among people who deal with and write about the theatre, he has been promoted to be pope among dramatists, and, therefore, it is no wonder that Mr. Charles Frohman considered him infallible. Mr. Frohman's belief in Mr. Pinero's infallibility is said

to have extended to the point where the shrewd manager bound himself in a large sum to produce in America, before a certain date, an untried play by the English drama-

tist. Sure of his position and his advance payments, the dramatist apparently thought his opportunity ripe to perpetrate a joke on the British public, and thereby pay off some old scores he had against what he was pleased to consider the stupidity of his patrons. Mr. Frohman was not the butt of this joke, but the final consequence makes him the worst sufferer—if it is possible to except the Americans who have paid two dollars and a half a seat to witness the performance of Mr. Pinero's "A Wife Without a Smile."

To revenge himself on that section of the British public which insisted that there were topics which were not suitable for too frank discussion on the stage, Mr. Pinero introduced into this play certain indecencies, attempting to shield himself behind the adage, "Evil knows who evil thinks." This tricky device did not serve in London, and the piece was taken off, but this did not alter the hard circumstances in which Mr. Frohman found himself with respect of the American production. The manager was confronted with three horns of the dilemma: he could produce the play as it was done in London, and thus intensify the impression that nothing is too dirty to be produced by any one connected with the Theatrical Trust, if money is to be made; he could pay the forfeit, or he could produce the play with the objectionable features toned down. Obviously the last was the easiest way out of the trouble, and it was the way Mr. Frohman wisely chose.

Artistically, the result was disastrous to every one concerned. The suspended doll, which emphasized the indecencies of the play, was in Mr. Frohman's production left motion-

less, thus destroying the point of many allusions and utterly killing the climax of the most important act. The keynote gone, other *double ententes* went unlaughed at, and fortunately unnoticed by the audience. The whole thing resolved itself into a stupid and talky British farce, with only a touch, here and there, of the better Pinero. Even the artists in the company seemed imbued with the hopelessness of their task, and overworked themselves in the vain effort to give the piece an air of hilarity. Mr. Ernest Lawford was the principal sufferer, and his able efforts went for naught. Mr. Frank Worthing and Elsie de Wolfe rashly invested their personalities in a general result as valuable as the Chadwickian securities. Mr. J. H. Barnes went into a tremendous amount of detail in faithfully depicting an English type, which, through its unfamiliarity, was entirely lost on an American audience.

* * *

THERE is no quarrel with Mr. Frohman for having produced "A Wife Without a Smile." Nor can any one greatly question his business judgment in placing a certain amount of confidence in the author of such plays as "Sweet Lavender," "The Amazons," "The Benefit of the Doubt," and "Trelawney of the Wells." Mr. Frohman could not be expected to read Mr. Pinero's mind sufficiently to know that the author of "Iris" bore resentment against the British public for its non-acceptance of that play, and that "A Wife Without a Smile" was to be his revenge on his British critics. Mr. Frohman and his American patrons have paid part of the bill for Mr. Pinero's revenge,



and the morals of the matter are for Mr. Pinero to settle with his conscience. He has certainly dealt his reputation a severe blow.

THE popular favor which greeted both "Lady Teazle" and "Fatinitza" confirms LIFE's contention that the public is getting tired of comic opera of the "made-while-you-wait" kind. Sheridan's old comedy might seem rather dangerous material to be used as a foundation for a modern musical piece, but it provided substantiality at least, and its librettists have been wise not to depart any further than was necessary from the text. They had, to begin with, a plot, distinctly drawn characters and a period of picturesque costuming. To a proper condensation of the dialogue Mr. Bangs and Mr. Penfield have added some excellent lyrics. Here is the material basis for a good comic opera, and the writers have done their work well, if we and the singers can forgive them an occasional line which is practically unsingable. They have shown good judgment in their excisions and good taste in their arrangement of the scenes for the new use to which they were to be put. Mr. Sloane's score is none too original, but it has several numbers more than ordinarily agreeable. The setting is lavish in scenery and costume, and in the latter full advantage has been taken of the possibilities of the period.

Miss Lillian Russell, in the title part, gives evidence in voice, looks and acting that she is going forward, not back. Never in her career has she appeared to better effect. Miss Lucille Saunders had one or two opportunities for her splendid contralto, and Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler made good in looks and vocally as a singing Charles Surface. The song allotted to Miss Elsa Ryan as Maria was an excellent one, and well rendered. Mr. Carleton as Sir Peter gives a performance which would not have been an inferior one on the dramatic stage.

If he could witness it, it might amaze Mr. Sheridan to see his dignified comedy made comic opera, but his material has been treated with respect, to say nothing of its luxurious setting.

THAT other favorite of former days, "Fatinitza," is also refreshing to the palate jaded by too much of the stuff which has lately been labeled comic opera. It was a happy thought to combine the sparkling music of Suppe—music of the kind that isn't written nowadays with the sparkling personality and good singing of Fritz Scheff. The part of Vladimir fits her almost as closely as the lights which display her shapely person. The cast is not up to the high standard of the famous singers of the Boston Ideals, who gave the best rendering of the opera ever heard in this country, but it is a competent one, and in looks the chorus is far beyond comparison with the collection of New England spinsters, who added respectability to the Ideals. Mr. Richie Ling looked and sang the war correspondent well, and Mr. Albert Hart made an admirable General Kantchukoff. The opera is very well staged and costumed.

"Fatinitza" is very well worth hearing, both by those who knew and remember the palmy days of comic opera, and by the younger generation, who think that those who talk of the palmy days are deceived by the vista of years.

AN unusually interesting play and unusually well acted is "The House of Burnside," at the Princess Theatre. It introduces Mr. Edward Terry, an actor with an English reputation, but unknown to the American public. He belongs to the legitimate school, which for some years has been dwindling out of sight in this country through lack of encouragement from managers, who openly avow that the province of management is to base its enterprises on what the least discerning and least cultivated part of the public wants and will pay for. Mr. Terry is not a great actor, but he is an intelligent and conscientious artist, qualities which he makes evident in his portrayal of Richard Burn-



THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" SCREEN GOES INTO COMIC OPERA.

side, the British shipowner, crusty in manner and proud in spirit, but genial at heart. It is acting of the kind which does not rouse one to great heights of enthusiasm, but which touches one's sensibilities, and is technically so good that it makes one wish there was more of it.

"The House of Burnside" is adapted from the French by Mr. Louis N. Parker. The fundamental motive of the play is not a pleasant one, but it could not be eliminated, and Mr. Parker has subordinated it so as to give as little offence as possible, instead of exploiting it as might easily have been done. The denouement of the play seems forced, but otherwise the story runs smoothly.

LIFE's intelligent readers may go to see "The House of Burnside" with the assurance that they will be interested. It is as agreeable as it is unusual to be able to give this assurance.

McCall's.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

- Academy of Music.—Spectacular revival of "Siberia."
- Belasco.—"The Music Master," with David Warfield's delightful impersonation of the pathetic but humorous old musician.
- Bijou.—"Mrs. Black Is Back," May Irwin with songs and fun.
- Broadway.—Fritz Scheff in "Fatinitza." See above.
- Casino.—Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle." See above.
- Criterion.—Francis Wilson in "Cousin Billy."
- Daly's.—Last week of "The School Girl." English musical play, up to the average.
- Empire.—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." Her best work.
- Garden.—"The College Widow." American college life done into George Ade's fun.
- Garrick.—Last week of Annie Russell in "Brother Jacques." Rather flimsy comedy.
- Herald Square.—"Woodland." Diverting and novel musical piece.
- Hudson.—Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday." Crude play, with a good part for the star.
- Knickerbocker.—Viola Allen in "The Winter's Tale."
- Lew Fields's Theatre.—"It Happened in Nordland." Brilliantly staged musical miscellany.
- Lycium.—Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in "Mrs. Goring's Necklace." Polite, but not over-impressive.
- Lyric.—"The Fortunes of the King," with James K. Hackett and Charlotte Walker. Fairly interesting melodrama.
- Majestic.—Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland." Very good music and fun.
- Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna." Strong play, very well staged and very well acted.
- Princess.—Edward Terry in "The House of Burnside." See above.
- Savoy.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and her neighbors amusingly reproduced.
- Wallack's.—"The Sho-Gun." Comic opera, like other comic operas.
- Weber and Ziegfeld's Music Hall.—"Higgledy-Piggledy," with Signor Joseph Weber and Madame Marie Dressler as the principal fun-makers.



MR. TERRY.

Architectural Vagaries.



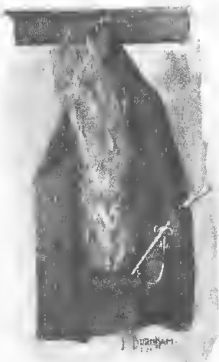
IT is an ornate age in which we live, and the æsthetic American architect has spared us nothing in the way of decoration. Like the sea-rover of old,

"He has brought back the spoils of many a shore,"

and distributed them with lavish irrelevancy. He has put a little of Venice in Boston, a little of Florence in New York, a little of Seville in Chicago. He has rebuilt Windsor Castle, and the Doge's Palace, and the Alhambra for the benefit of American millionaires. He has laid out Spanish gardens on the chill New England coast, and has erected frowning Norman keeps to guard the peaceful tennis courts of Pennsylvania. And he has promised to remodel West Point into a faithful resemblance of a robber fortress on the Rhine.

Even the homes of modest American citizens are beginning to wear strange and fantastic embellishments—embellishments which had their meaning in the old world, but are without significance in the new. Why, for example, should a row of smart brick houses in Philadelphia be decorated, one and all, with wrought-iron Sieneſe banner-holders? Banner-holders are beautiful in Siena. They have been riveted into those frowning palace walls for five hundred years, and they held torches as well as silken streamers when the stern old city celebrated her hard-won victories. But in Philadelphia they bear a ludicrous resemblance to second-story door-knockers, placed well above the visitor's reach.

And why should the swaddled infants of the Florentine foundling asylum be carved over the doors of private, and otherwise inconspicuous homes? They, too, are beautiful in Florence. The row of bas-reliefs which decorate the facade of the *Spedale degli Innocenti* were designed to excite compassion for the abandoned babies



A SMOKING JACKET.



THE SORCRESS.

within, and to remind passers-by of the divine Child in whose name their charity was asked. They have no visible affiliation with modern residences, and their presence is in questionable taste. What is the startled pedestrian to think when he sees the lilies of France neatly carved over the lintel of one house, the lion of Norway over a second, and—save the mark—the Papal keys over a third? Have these devices no connection in the architect's mind with king-

doms and with creeds, and do the tenants fancy them to be pretty improvisations on the part of the stone-cutter? Think of a devout Presbyterian, or a good hard-shell Baptist sleeping nightly behind the protection of St. Peter's keys; or a fat Teuton flaunting the fleur-de-lis, or a maiden lady with a swaddled infant decorating her doorway? Why go so far afield to search for what we do not need?

Agnes Repplier.

SOCIETY.



ONE of the largest coming out receptions of the winter will be given by Mrs. Fat-tish-Rekkod at her splendid residence, to introduce her daughter, Miss Boodie Rekkod. The debutante is an extremely pretty girl and was a great belle at Newport last summer. She is splendidly educated and can make considerable noise at a theatre party.

The John Bullions have at last closed their country place at Waterstock-on-the-Sli, and are now in town. Mrs. Bullion has a straight nose and eats with her mouth.

Mrs. Innittor Dedd enjoyed the opera last Monday, although she much prefers conversation to music. Her mother was a South Carolina Chinnor. Nice people.

Mr. and Mrs. Merger Hogg will dine next Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Munnie Dussyt. The company will be select. Mrs. Hogg is now one of the acknowledged leaders of fashionable society. There are surely no better judges of character than society reporters, and they all pronounce her a marvellous creature.

One of the most beautiful brides of the coming season will be Miss Tootsie Galore, daughter of Mr. Boodie Galore (\$30,000,000), whose marriage to Mr. Charles Lottsmore-Style is to take place in the Church of the Holy Dividends next month.

Mr. F. Somewhat Pumkyns almost took a ribbon at the horse show last November. All the Pumkyns are more or less talented. F. Somewhat is a nephew of Miss Constant Chinnor.

New Year's.

FIRST RESOLUTION: How are you feeling?

SECOND RESOLUTION: Broke.

Football in the Magazines.

THE football stories which have come to blossom annually in the fall magazines all belong in the department of literature which is known as "juvenile." College football players are, as a rule, only about twenty-one years old, and have not as yet been able to mature plans for the maintenance of wives. Consequently their love affairs are transient and illusory, and do not deserve the serious atten-

tion. The conflict between his pride and his fears, his hopes and his compunctions, his admiration for what the boy does and his convictions as to what he ought to be doing—that is a complication fit for grown-up writers to tackle and adult readers to enjoy. The real problem about football as it is played is—What does it do to the boy? Cannot the editors direct their contributors more to the answer of that question?

Wives and Incomes.

A Western editor insists that the marriage which is a failure is the fault mostly of the man who espouses a sealskin wife on a coonskin income, and Western editors certainly know a great deal about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

However, the last word has not been said.

It is impossible to ignore the case of the man who, having a coonskin income, duly marries him a coonskin wife (miscegenation not hinted at) but lives to find his income, owing to his frugality, his business acumen and his close and intelligent study of *Rivertybody's Magazine*, become distinctly sealskin. The case is not very uncommon, and with prosperity in the hands of its friends, it will be less rather than more uncommon as the years roll by.

A jewel of gold in a swine's snout isn't a circumstance to a coonskin woman who has a sealskin income to get away with, unless, of course, she can be brought to go to Washington to reside, and plunge unreservedly into the society of the gay capital.



MRS. MERGER HOGG.

tion of magazine readers. But who can blame the magazine editors? When thirty thousand people, mostly grown-up, go to a football game, and who knows how many million people read the football news first in the Sunday papers, how can the magazines be expected to reject the football fiction?

The really interesting figure in the football picture is the parent who is trying to raise a boy who will be worth raising, and who is torn by the emotions which his lad's prowess in foot-

ball induces. Tbat fence has just been painted.

At the Museum.

LITTLE BOY: Who is that strange creature, papa? Is he a wild man?

PAPA: No, my son. He is a Democrat.

Society Item.

THERE will be a reunion of Andrew Carnegie's sweethearts in the town hall this evening. All are invited to attend.

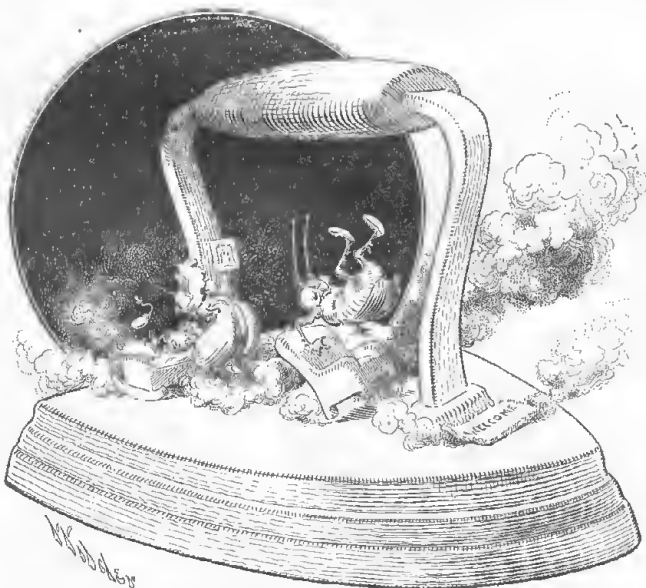
THE LATEST BOOKS

IN his long, detailed and curiously uneven novel of Iceland, *The Prodigal Son*, Hall Caine demonstrates with an added clearness that the source of his reputation lies in his inherent philistinism. In depicting the homely virtues and the homely vices Mr. Caine is at his heavy but excellent best. In dealing with the more complex passions he is a high-priest of the obvious, whose cloak of gloom has been accepted as a prophet's mantle. In the conviction of discovery with which he presents the self-apparent, there is indeed a touch of Homeric naiveté, but to the great clientele of the unimaginative his subtlest appeal lies in the fact that so serious a man sees life as the apotheosis of the superficial.

A series of laughable sketches, reprinted for the most part from the pages of *The Century*, appears in *Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop*. Susan is "a character," a thing dear to our American hearts. She is an amusing compound of shrewdness and unsophistication, the result of what may be called an ingrowing life. Her conversations are recorded by Anne Warner, whose quiet and keen appreciation of human eccentricities was shown in *A Woman's Will*.

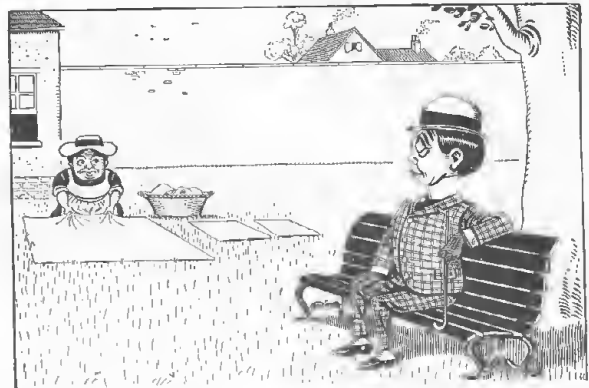
The latest collection of papers by John Burroughs, published under the title of *Far and Near*, forms a volume rather to be recommended to the selective reading of the author's many admirers than as a basis for the making of his literary acquaintance. The paper on Jamaica and some shorter home sketches are thoroughly characteristic, but nearly half the book is devoted to a description of the Harriman expedition to Alaska, and it is with Nature in her boudoir of the woods, and not with Nature in her workshop, rough-hewing a new world, that Mr. Burroughs is on terms of congenial friendship.

Merideth Nicholson's second novel, *Zelda Dameron*, like his first,



Papa Bug (on ironing day): WHEW! I MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED THE JANITOR OF THIS FLAT, WHEN I TOLD HIM WE'D LEAVE IF WE DIDN'T HAVE MORE HEAT.

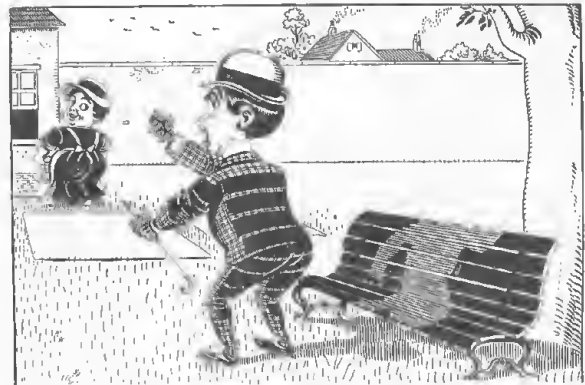
TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.



The Landress: THERE'S THAT DUD AS CALLS ON MISS MARY WHAT TURNED UP HIS NOSE AT ME, A-SITTIN' ON THAT NEWLY PAINTED BENCH. I DON'T SAY NOTHIN'.

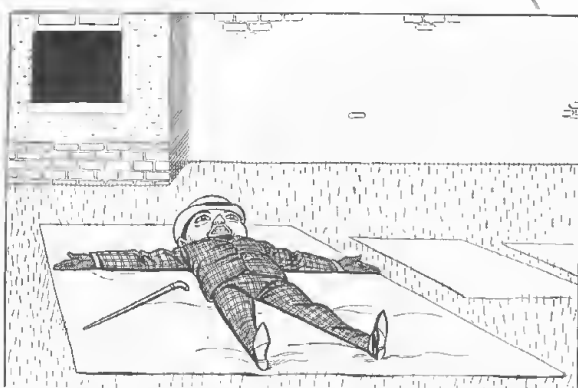


The Landress: WELL, IF THAT AIN'T THE BEST JOKE I'VE SEED FOR YEARS.

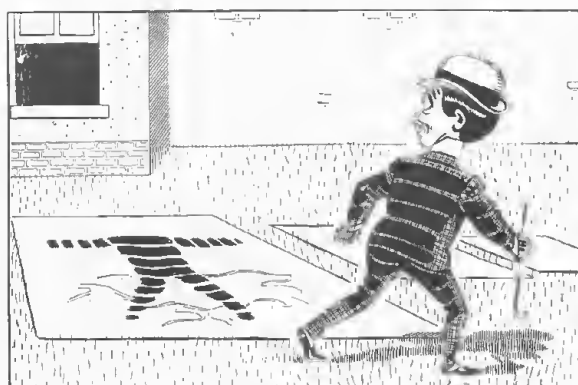


The Dude: OH, I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU, YOU WUDE IRISH CLOTHES-WRINGER, FOR NOT TELLING ME ABOUT THAT PAINT.

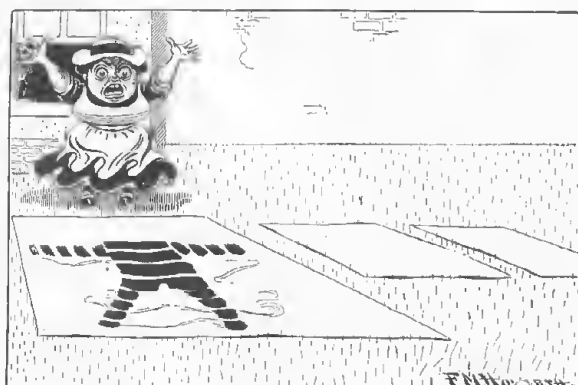
The Main Chance, is a story of contemporary life in the West, full of graphic pictures of American types, some attractive, some amusing, and all alive. Its scenes are in Indiana instead of the trans-Missouri country and its atmosphere is correspondingly softened, but it is also marked by the same occasional haziness of motive and the same lack of condensation.



The Dude: NO ONE CAN LAUGH AT MY MISFORTUNES WITHOUT SUFFERING FOR IT.



The Dude: NOW, IRISH, IT WILL TAKE YOU A HALF DAY'S EXTRA WORK TO GET THAT PAINT OFF.



The Laundress: FER TH' LUV OF HVIN! PHWAT DID THAT? TH' MISSUS 'LL SWEAR OI LAID THAT TABLECLOTH ACROSS TH' BENCH TO OHRY.

A timely volume in the Cambridge Historical Series is Sir Robert K. Douglas's *Europe and the Far East*. It is a very skilful summarizing of a vast subject and furnishes a convenient book of reference, while giving a clear and by no means perfunctory review of the relations between European nations and China, Japan, Siam and Annam.

Captain Amyas, Dolf Wyllarde's latest study of the human type sensual, quite out-Wyllardes Wyllarde in brutal frankness. This his-

tory of a career in the British mercantile marine is an intensely effective description of one way of going to the devil. Unfortunately, however, like the work of most pathological specialists, it conveys the impression that health is not only an abnormal condition but one of wholly secondary interest.

Some two years ago when Andy Adams's interesting *Log of a Cow Boy* appeared, not a few readers were moved to wonder that so polished a literary style had come out of Texas. There is, however, no doubt as to the school of language attended by Charles J. Steedman, the author of a new chronicle of plains life in the days of the open range, called *Bucking the Sage Brush*. Mr. Steedman takes us across Oregon, Idaho and Wyoming in '78, and his narrative is both lively and picturesque.

Guthrie of the Times, by Joseph A. Altsheler, is the story of a legislative crisis in Frankfort, Kentucky, with a sequel about ward politics in Louisville. The book is realistic and entertaining, but its interest really culminates at the conclusion of the Frankfort episode, and the addition of the Louisville postscript results in something of a double climax with the accent misplaced.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop. By Anne Warner. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

Far and Near. By John Burroughs. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

Zelda Dameron. By Merideth Nicholson. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

Europe and the Far East. By Sir Robert K. Douglas. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

Captain Amyas. By Dolf Wyllarde. (John Lane. \$1.50.)

Bucking the Sage Brush. By Charles J. Steedman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Guthrie of the Times. By Joseph A. Altsheler. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

The Social Sherlock.

"AH, Mrs. Fixit," observed the caller, "I see that you take *The Indoor Monthly*, *The Ladies' Own Journal*, *The Home Builder* and *The Modern Housekeeper*."

"I take them," answered the hostess, "but I wonder how you knew. I'm sure there are none of the magazines in this part of the house."

"It is easy," explained the caller. "Your parlor is furnished according to the instructions of *The Indoor Monthly*, your dining room is decorated after the directions of *The Ladies' Own Journal*, your woodwork is in the style prescribed by *The Home Builder*, and you speak to your servants in the manner advocated by *The Modern Housekeeper*."

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast:
The last new cook is sure to be the best.

Annoying.

HOTEL CLERK: We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one.

"Well, I subbose we'll haf to dake it. But I bate to haf my wife sleeb on der floor."



OUR BOYS.

WILLIE.

WILLIE HEARST, we are sorry to say, is an awful bad little boy and loves to play in the slums all the time. He throws mud at all the other boys, and at one time they were going to send him to jail, but he went to Congress instead. William's mother gives him a lot more money than is good for him, and he gets all the other boys together and pays them to play pranks. Some of them, however, are a good deal better than he is, and they hit the nail on the head when he isn't looking. William is a collector of scandals, murders, diseases and claptrap, and keeps several factories going all the time

turning them out. He used to be a great deal worse than he is, but he has been getting better right along. Some day he may be respectable.

William has lots of spunk, and calls people all sorts of names to their faces. He is very much like the little girl with the curl.

"When he is good, he is too good,
And when he is bad, nothing can touch him."

For, boys, he has a lot of printing presses that make the bottom of a well look like thirty cents.

The Art Promotive of Art.

MESSRS. STOUGH & NOWNSENDS, Publishers,
Weissnichtwo, N. J.

DEAR SIR:

Enclosed find the certificate of a physician attesting that I am dying to know how the story, "Biffs and Bottles," now running serially in the *Necropolitan Magazine*, turns out. Kindly send me advance proofs. I would write more, but I know you will print my letter in all your advertisements, and I don't wish to put you to needless expense.

L. Daisy Call.

P. S.—Need I add that I'm not much good at guessing?



HER CREED.

The Duck: THE GOOSE IS A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST. IS SHE NOT?

The Rooster: YES. SHE CLAIMS THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS PATÉ DE FOIE GRAS.

Meditations on the Simple Life.



THE simple-life idea is full of good sense and good morals. The hitch about it is that it will seem to many observers to involve falling out of the procession.

The most potent advocates of the simple life in this country are President Roosevelt and President Eliot. Both of these illustrious gentlemen have places in the procession which are absolutely secure. Both of them have won by merit the highest personal distinction. They stand on the very top of the heap. Their pleasures lie in the robust exercise of great powers of mind, body and place.

A large proportion of the folks to whom the gospel of the simple life is preached are hustling for all they are worth to attain for themselves and their families a social position immeasurably less advantageous than the positions these two wise and sturdy preachers occupy. The hustlers—most of them—heartily wish their lives were simpler and less arduous and less costly, but they keep on struggling because they cannot bear to let go what they have attained, fall out of the procession and disappear in the crowd.

Perhaps they do not struggle wisely. Undoubtedly most of them don't. But what they are really after are substantial advantages of position and reputation faintly comparable to the advantages which Dr. Eliot and Dr. Roosevelt long ago attained and at present enjoy.

We are not without sympathy with the strugglers, mistaken and misapplied as the efforts of many of them are. To aspire is not ignoble. Impatience of obscurity is one of the marks of a high spirit. In so far as the simple life involves keeping in the rut and letting the other chap get ahead, it will never have any great vogue in this country. In so far as it implies temperance, thrift, joyousness, diligence, the wise choice of objects of desire and generous ardor in the pursuit of them, we trust it may have a great future.

But the great obstacle to the simple life seems to be—not so much self-indulgence, as ambition, and ambition has good points as well as bad ones.

The simple life is an ideal aspiration



Chrysanthemum

(Intellecto New Yorkiae)
Columbo Family

Habit.

“THE Reverend Dr. Saintly used to be a magazine writer before he entered the ministry.”

“What’s the harm?”

“Well, he has to write his Christmas sermons in summer and his Fourth of July sermons in snow time.”

for men on salaries who are perfectly satisfied with their jobs. To that class belong Dr. Roosevelt and Dr. Eliot, and they are splendid examples of their class. The most dazzling practitioner of the complex life is Mr. John Pierpont Morgan. He does his turns with high dexterity, and we all like to see him do them. It takes all kinds to make the world, and for Mr. Morgan’s kind, too, the world has use, as witness the general satisfaction at his willingness to serve the public as President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



THE MISSING GOLF BALL.

Slitting open his left forearm with a razor, Holmes was about to inject a bicycle pumpful of cocaine, ether, water, and local-option dope, when the light of battle gleamed in his eyes and caused the cat to think dawn had come. "Some one is coming upstairs, Watson," he said. "I heard footsteps on the stairs, but— You wonder how I know our visitor is coming up instead of going down," interrupted Holmes, reading my thoughts. "It's childishly simple," he continued. "I fixed the second step from the top so that any one treading on it is shot down the whole flight. The stranger hasn't fallen yet, and must therefore be coming up."

At that moment there was a crash. Holmes opened the door and stepped out. "Try again, my dear sir," he called out to the man who lay in a tumbled heap at the bottom of the stairs. This time our visitor was more successful. He entered the room and took a seat opposite the window.

"Did you have a good game?" asked Holmes.

"How did you guess?"

"Nothing, my dear sir," answered Holmes. "Your mouth has certain lines brought on by saying a vigorous word beginning with 'd,' and the transfer in your pocket tells me you are a golfer."

"Yes, I play golf. My name is McStingo," said our visitor. "I have come to ask you to solve the mystery of the lost golf ball."

Holmes brightened up. The old sleuth-hound instincts awoke. In a few moments he had the story from McStingo. Four thousand golf balls had been lost in two weeks.

"Are you prepared for a long trip, Watson?" asked Holmes, placing a revolver in his pocket. "Better take a Scotch glossary," he added.

I compromised on a flask of it.

Reaching the ground, Holmes drew out a microscope and examined each blade of grass. "A cow has been here lately," he muttered.

"How did you know?"

He showed me a cowslip.

Inquiries in the neighborhood showed that there was indeed a cow. She was the picture of health.

"That cow," said Holmes, "has swallowed the golf balls. You see that big ad. over there, 'Pills for the Pale.' She has taken the golf balls for pills, and the influence of mind over matter has caused her to grow well and give lots of milk."

On our return to the house Holmes turned the case over to Detective Night with the advice to get out a search warrant.—*Portland Oregonian.*

TO FILL UP HER TIME.

The family who had lived for ten years in the small house owned by old lady Crocker had moved away. She asked her agent to secure some quiet and desirable tenants for the property as soon as possible.

The agent advertised, and within a few days had a call from a man who asked numerous questions about the house.

"There are seven good-sized rooms," said the agent, "and an excellent cellar. How many are there in your family?"



WALL STREET TERM.

"THE PREFERRED IS GOING TO FAR."

"My wife and myself and twelve children," said the man.

"Ah!" said the agent. "I'm afraid that would hardly do, as Mrs. Crocker is old and something of an invalid, and lives next door. She is not particularly fond of children."

"Well," and the man looked indignant, "I shouldn't think she'd mind; there are only five little ones."

But the agent shook his head.

"It's all right, anyway," said the man, with a quick change of base. "I don't believe there's land enough around that house, and it's too near the city. What I really want is a place farther out, with an acre or so of ground, and a barn, and a chance to keep a cow and chickens, and room to grow some vegetables, so my wife will have something to take up her spare time."—*Youth's Companion.*

A THREATENED REMOVAL.

Col. William Seveley, of Muskogee, Indian Territory, was thoughtfully regarding himself in a looking-glass that, strangely enough, was within his vision when that vision was not obscured by a man in a white jacket. "In some manner," said Colonel Seveley, "I overdraw my account at one of the banks in my flourishing town. Next day I happened into the bank. 'Mr. Seveley,' said the cashier, 'you have an overdraft.'"

"All right," I replied. Next day I happened in the bank again and was reminded of that overdraft, and the same thing happened on the following day.

"Then I stopped that species of annoyance. 'Now, look here,' I said, 'if you don't stop pestering me about that overdraft, I'll move it to another bank.'"—*Washington Post.*

NOT TO BE FOOLED.

Uncle Cyrus had come up from the country to visit his nephew, Charles, in town. Charles had shown the old gentleman the sights until he was at his wits' end for further entertainment. One morning, however, he noticed in the paper that "The Imperial Italian Band" was still giving its celebrated open-air concerts. Uncle Cyrus said he should like to hear them play.

As the concert progressed Uncle Cyrus waxed enthusiastic. Toward the end of the program a solo on the slide trombone was announced. It was a really fine performance, and the audience demanded an encore with a storm of applause. Charles noted that his uncle was among the most appreciative, but he was somewhat puzzled by the smile which played around the corners of the old man's mouth, for the selection had been mournful rather than gay. At the conclusion of the encore, when the applause had finally died away, Charles turned to his uncle:

"That was fine, wasn't it?"

"Mighty fine, mighty fine," was the reply. "But you city folks are easy fooled. He didn't fool me a bit. I knew all the time he was playing that he wasn't really swallering that thing!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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